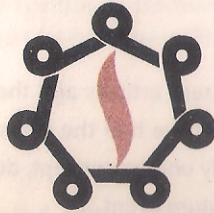


*Inner
Courtyard*

in association with



**Yashwantrao Chavan
Pratishthan**

And

Kabir Festival

Presents

Kabir on the Loom of Life

Performed by

Shabnam Virmani and Moorlala Marwada

Friday, 17th February 2012

Mumbai

Inner Courtyard

Inner Courtyard, in association with the Y. B. Chavan Pratishthan, continues to provide a regular platform for artistes to interact with a discerning audience, since its inception 9 years ago.

Inner Courtyard aims at making the arts more accessible to those who are interested in the fine arts and are keen to be initiated into the classical and traditional forms. It has also been our endeavor to present modern forms of expression and experiment with the arts.

Our programs not only present artistes and their works but also create interesting events around them. If you have had the pleasure of discovering an exceptionally talented artiste or an equally unique concept, do share it with us. We may be able to incorporate the same in a future event.

All our performances are done in the interest of promoting the arts. Entry to *Inner Courtyard* is complimentary and by invitation only.

Today's Programme would not be possible without the support of Shri S. G. Kale, Shri Vijay Desai, Ms Priti Turakhia, Ms Falguni Desai, Shree Sound Service, Prime Printers and Shri V. O. Somani Charitable Trust.

Inner Courtyard can be contacted via e-mail at innercourtyard@gmail.com or by mail at P O Box 11520, Mumbai 400021.

Todays Backdrop

Venkatesh Pate graduated from Mumbai's J. J. Institute and has been a Creative Director and Graphic Designer in France, Australia and India. He has participated in Arts and Designs exhibitions all over the world. In his latest collection (No Parking – An Inner Journey) he explains that much has been lost by us today and hopes that someday development will lead to greater freedom, space and positivity just as God would have wanted it.

The backdrop Triptych in acrylic on canvas is Venkatesh's plea for more including growth and more space.

Kabir

Kabir says of himself that he is, "at once the child of Allah and Ram."

He was born in Benares in the early 1400s in a Muslim weaver's family and became a disciple of Sant Ramanand.

Not much is known about Kabir's early spiritual training. He did not become a sadhu and did not abandoned worldly life, choosing instead to live the balanced life of a householder and mystic, tradesman and contemplative. Kabir was married, had children, and lived the simple life of a weaver.

He wrote and sang songs of deep spirituality, discovering oneself and walking on the path of good to discover truth and true happiness. The depth of his poetry has made him immortal.

Shabnam Virmani

Shabnam Virmani is a filmmaker and artist in residence at the Srishti School of Art, Design and Technology in Bangalore, India. 7 years ago she started traveling with folk singers in Malwa, Rajasthan and Pakistan in a quest for the spiritual and socio-political resonances of the 15th century mystic poet Kabir in our contemporary worlds.

She is the founder and Director of the Kabir Project, Bangalore. Inspired by the inclusive spirit of folk music, she has begun to play the tambura and sing folk songs of Kabir herself. She has, to her credits documentary films, 2 folk music videos and 10 music CDs accompanied by books of the poetry in translation.

Mooralala Marwada

Mooralala Marwada is a folk singer from Kutch district of Gujarat in western India, and sings the poetry of Kabir along with other poets such as Mira, Ravidas and also the Sufi Sindhi poet Shah Abdul Lateef Bhittai.

Accompaniest:

Co-singer:	Namrata Kartik
Dholak:	Parbat Jogi
Manjiras:	Bhikha Bhai
Jhaanjh:	Sukhdev Bhai

जो तू आया गगन मंडल से

— कबीर

जो तू आया गगन मंडल से
शीश दिया फिर डरना भी क्या?
हो जा होशियार सदा गुरु आगे
मन साबित फिर डरना भी क्या?

उनमुन खेती धनिया का सेती
रात दिना नर सोता भी क्या?
आवेगा पंछी चुग जावेगा खेती
तन मन को फुस्लाता भी क्या?

नौ सौ नदियां बहे घट भीतर
सात समुन्दर उंडा भी क्या?
दुर्गम हौद भरया घट भीतर
मूरख प्यासा जाता भी क्या?

जो तेरे घर में नारी सुशम्ना
गनिका के घर जाता भी क्या?
शीतल वृक्ष की छाया छोड़ कर
कंकड़ पत्थर पे सोता भी क्या?

कांसा पीतल सोना ना होवे
पल्ला लगेगा कोई पारस का
चित चौपड़ का खेल मंडुया है
रंग पहचानो पांचों का

गुरु गम पांसा हाथ लिया है
जीती बाज़ी हारो भी क्या?
कहें कबीर सुनो भाई साथो
करम भरम बीच भूला भी क्या?

If You've Come From the Dome of the Sky

— Kabir

Song from Malwa, Madhya Pradesh Kabir invites us to taste the fearlessness that comes from "giving up our heads" – letting go of our mind-driven clinging to ideas, relationships and self-images. He invites us to enter our body-sky, recognize our fears and cravings and feel the limitless, expanded self that resides there.

If you've come from the dome of the sky
If you've give up your head
What's there to fear?
Be alert to this wisdom, always
If your mind is one
What's there to fear?

Tend it with inwardness
This field that you own
Why do you sleep night and day?
Take care of your harvest
The birds will eat it away
Why pamper your body and mind?
Be alert to this wisdom, always...

Nine hundred rivers flow in your body
Can the seven seas be too deep?
The guru's pool is full in your body
Why wander thirsty, you fool?
Be alert to this wisdom, always...

In your house is a lovely spouse
Why knock on a prostitute's door?
Leaving the cool shade of a tree
Why sleep on a bed of stones?
Be alert to this wisdom, always...

Bronze and brass won't turn to gold
if they touch a touchstone
The board game is spread
Spot the colors of the five, my friend!
Be alert to this wisdom, always...

The dice of the guru's word is in your hand
Can you lose a game that's already won?
Kabir says, listen seekers
caught in actions and delusions
why are you lost?
Be alert to this wisdom, always...

सत्त रे वचन

- खीम साहेब

सत्त रे वचन साधू को भर भरिया हां जी

भरिया है तारम तार

नाम रो पियालो साधो निर्भय थी पीयो, हो जी

पायो म्हारे सतगुरु ए आज

सुरता चढी साधू आसमान मां, हां जी

भंवर गुफा मां धणी म्हारो बैठीयो, हो जी

भमरा करी ले गुंजार

उनमुनी आसन साधु सेवता, हो जी

भरी रहा भरपूर

नाम रो पियालो.....

विना रे वादड़िये वीजो खवे रहियो, हो जी

अनहद वरसया है नूर

नाम रो पियालो.....

खीम रे खांदा विन्या नर जूझे, हो जी

भाण गुरु ए बताया भेद

नाम रो पियालो.....

Words Of Truth

- Kheem Saheb

Song from Kutch, Gujarat

Saint-poet Kheem Saheb evokes the experience of a meditator drinking deeply from the cup of the Name (our own breath?) and experiencing her/his awareness "climb to the sky", a sense of expansion perhaps towards a limitless, unbounded sense of self.

Words of truth, a seeker takes her fill

She is full to the brim, oh yes!

Discard fear and drink deep

From the cup of the Name, oh seeker

I found my true guru today

My awareness has climbed to the sky!

In the bee's cave, my Lord sits

The bee is buzzing there

The seeker takes an inward posture

It fills to the brim

Discard fear and drink deep...

With no clouds

A lighting strikes

An unbounded light

Bursts into showers

Discard fear and drink deep...

Kheem has no spear

But he takes on the fight

Bhaan guru has shown him

the secret

Discard fear and drink deep...

घणो रिझायो वो लाडली ने

- कबीर

यो वर पायो वो दिवानी ने, यो वर पायो जी
घणो रिझायो वो बांवरी/लाडली ने, घणो रिझायो री
म्हारी सुरत सुहागण नवल बनी
साहिब वर पायो री

भटकत भटकत सब जुग भटक्या
आज को अवसर आयो हेली
अब को अवसर आयो म्हारी हेली
अब का अवसर चूक जावोगा
फिर नहीं ठिकाना पावो

प्रेम की पीठी, सुरत की हल्दी
नाम को तेल चढ़ायो हेली
पांच सखी मिल मंगल गावे
मोतिया मंडप छाये

सत्त नाम की चंवरी रचाई
पडलो प्रेम सवायो हेली
अविनाशी का जोड़या हथेला
ब्रह्म लगन लगायो

रंग महल में सेज पिया की
ओढ़े सुरत सवायो हेली
अब म्हारी प्रीत पिया संग लागी
जद सब संतन मिल पायो हेली

चौरासी का फेर फर कर
बिंद परण घर आयो हेली
कहें कबीर सुनो भाई साथो
यो हंस बधावो गायो हेली

Oh, She Really Wooed Him!

- Kabir

Kabir playfully describes his own awareness as a new bride, who has through long and assiduous courting of the Lord through several life times, finally taken him as husband today! The metaphor unfolds delightfully through all stages of the wedding rituals and festivities from the fixing of the match till the night of union between the bride-Self and her own inner Truth.

What a groom she found, that crazy girl!
She really wooed Him, the darling girl!
My awareness has become a bride today
She's taken the Lord as husband

She wandered through so many lives
Today she got her chance
If she loses out on this moment
She'll never find her ground
Oh, she really wooed Him...

They anoint her with the paste of love
The turmeric of awareness
The oil of the Name
Five friends sing songs of celebration
The canopy is decorated with gems
Oh, she really wooed Him...

Truth marks the four corners
The groom's brought presents of love
Their hands join in an everlasting bond
God presides over this wedding
Oh, she really wooed Him...

In my colorful palace
Is the bed of my Lord
I deck myself in full awareness
Now my love is only for Him
I am one with all the saints
Oh, she really wooed Him...

After spinning in 84 lakh birth-cycles
The energy wed me and come home today
Say Kabir, listen seekers -
My swan-soul is rejoicing!
Oh, she really wooed Him...

भेड़ा है पण मिलता नांही

— बना नाथ

भेड़ा है पण मिलता नांही
गुरु मुख ज्ञानी कोई जाना
हे संतो रे भाई, ऐसा देश रे दिवाना

तीरथ करूं ना कोई, जप तप साजूं
ना कोई धरूं मैं ध्याना
ऐसा होय खलक मांही खेलूं
ना मूरत या स्थाना ट्ट हां
हे संतो रे भाई.....

पग बिन पंथ, नैन बिन निरखूं
बिन सरवण सुनो बैणा
घ्रांण बिना हो सब लेत सुगंध्या
बिन रसना से रस पीवणा ट्ट हां
हे संतो रे भाई.....

सहज सरोवर सिमरथ हंसा
पर बिन किया रे पियाना
मानसरोवर मोती चुगता
निर्मल नीर निवाना ट्ट हां
हे संतो रे भाई.....

यूं जाण्या है जगदीस जुगत कर
पिंड बिना पुरुष पुराना
कह बनानानाथ ब्रह्म सकल में
घट बध कहो क्यों बैणा ट्ट हां
हे संतो रे भाई.....

It's With You But...

- Bana Nath

Song from Malwa, Madhya Pradesh

A poetic and spiritual paradox – The truth is always with us, but if we try to grasp it or pin it down, it slips out of our hands. This song describes the crazy, paradoxical land of the seeker – who needs no outward idols, formal practices, chants or even body senses to experience the truth, but is one with it in a sahaj way – in a state of simple spontaneity.

It's with you but...
It cannot be caught
The rare wise one understands
Oh my friends
My country is a crazy one!

I don't go on a pilgrimage
Nor chant or meditate
I don't sit down to concentrate
I am like this –
At play in the world
I seek no idol or holy place
Oh my friends
My country is a crazy one!

With no feet, a path
With no eyes, I see it
No ears, I hear the cry
Without a nose, I take in the fragrance
I taste the juice, without a tongue
Oh my friends
My country is a crazy one!

My swan remembers
That lake of simple spontaneity
Without wings it flies there
It pecks pearls in Mansarovar
Bathes in its pure waters
Oh my friends
My country is a crazy one!

I have known the Lord thus
Through these methods
The complete Man is beyond the body
Says Bana Nath, God resides in all
Not less here or more there
Oh my friends
My country is a crazy one!

शरतयूँ आई तां वनियोड़ी वनियोला

- शाह अब्दुल लतीफ भिटाई

शरतयूँ आई तां वनियोड़ी वनियोला

मुझोड़ा लेख लखन तां

अल्लाह मयिँ

उठ आरी जाम जाए ला

डागण के डान डियोड़ी डियोला

मुझोड़ा लेख लखन तां

शरतयूँ आई तां...

अल्लाह मयिँ

हेडे शहर भाम्भोर में ला

मेड़ मसिकीन जी मन्योड़ी मन्योला

मुझोड़ा लेख लखन तां

शरतयूँ आई तां...

अल्लाह मयिँ

शरतयूँ शाह लतीफ चैं ला

आहे अन्दर आंवाला उन्योड़ी उन्योला

मुझोड़ा लेख लखन तां

शरतयूँ आई तां...

Friends, You Be On Your Way

- Shah Abdul Latif Bhitai

Song from Sindhi (17th century)

This Sindhi Sufi poet of the 17th century spoke through the famous tragic love legends of the region. Here he speaks in the voice of Sasui, whose beloved Punoo has been wrested away from her on the morning after her wedding night by angry kinsmen. She is setting off across the harsh, hot desert of Thar in search of Punoo, when her friends try to stop her from embarking on her difficult journey. She brushes them off with the words of this song. She knows that the path to finding her Beloved, her truth, her own true self, cannot be without grief and suffering. This is akin to our search for truth, the path of which is difficult but leads to true joy if you can remove all the shackles and bonds that restrain you.

Friends, you be on your way!

My destiny is written

Allah Miyan

Those camels of Aari Jam

(taking my Punoo away)

Put shackles on their feet!

My destiny is written

Allah Miyan

Won't you listen to the plea

Of this wretched girl from Bhambhor?

My destiny is written

Allah Miyan

Shah Latif says, listen my friends

There is a deep thirst for you

Inside of me

My destiny is written

Oh my friends

My country is a crazy one!

हिए काया में

— कबीर

हिए काया में वर्तन माटी रो, हिए देही में

फूटी जासे नहीं करे स्नको

साहिब हम का डर लागे एक दिन रो

एक ही रे दिन को, घड़ी पलक रो

नहीं रे भरोसो एक ही पल रो

हिए काया में माला मोतिन की, हिए देही में

टूटी जासे डोरो रूढ़ो तन को

हिए काया में हाट बाज़ारा, हिए देही में

सौदो करी ले एक ही पल को

हिए काया में वाड़ी फूलन की, हिए देही में

मृगा चरी जाए रूढ़ो वन को

एक दिन आवसे, सब को बुलावसे

लेखा लेसे रई तल को

कहत कबीर, सुनो भाई साथो

पहला है नाम अलख रो

In This Body

- Kabir

Song from Kutch, Gujarat

Kabir describes with a heart-rending sense of poignancy the fleeting nature of our bodies and lives – so very fragile and yet so very beautiful.

In this body are vessels of clay
They will shatter
They won't make that lovely sound

I fear that day, oh Lord
Just one day, just one moment
Just the blinking of an eye
You never know what may happen
In a just one moment

In this body is a string of pearls
The thread will snap
The string of this beautiful body
I fear that day, oh Lord...

In this body a market bustles
Strike a good bargain
With every moment
I fear that day, oh Lord...

In this body is a garden of flowers
A deer will graze it away –
This beautiful forest
I fear that day, oh Lord...

A day will come
Which calls for every one
An account will be taken
of every moment
I fear that day, oh Lord...

Says Kabir, listen seekers
First is the
Name of the Unseen
I fear that day, oh Lord...

हालो नी मोरी सजनी

— कबीर

हालो नी मोरी सजनी
जाईये गुराजी/पियाजी वाला देस

नहीं रे उगे नहीं आथमे
नहीं रे पवन परवेस
हालो नी मोरी.....

हूँ रे जागी रंग महल मां
रोई रोई रतन करूं
हालो नी मोरी.....

भगवा मैं रंगाऊं लूगड़ा
लीधो वैरागी वालो भेस
हालो नी मोरी.....

छोड़्या रे पीहर छोड़ा सासर
छोड़्या साहेलियारा साथ
हालो नी मोरी.....

कबीरो फरमावे धर्मदास को
आ छे मस्तानी वालो खेल
हालो नी मोरी.....

Come With Me, My Dear Girl!

- Dharam Das

Famous disciple of Kabir, Dharam Das, speaks in the feminine voice inviting her dear friend/inner self to come to the land of the Beloved. Though she sobs and pines for this land – a land free of the pain of arrivals and departures, free of ties and attachments – she says the journey there is a joyous one.

Come with me, my dear girl
Let's go to the beloved's country
Let's go to the guru's country!

Nothing rises or sets there
Wind gains no entry there
Let's go to the land of the beloved

I am awake in my colorful palace
I weep I sob for that land
Let's go to the beloved's country

I dye my clothes saffron
I wear the clothes of the unattached
Let's go to the beloved's country

I left my parent's home
I left my husband's home
I've left the company of my friends
Let's go to the beloved's country

Says Kabir to Dharamdas
This game is a joyous play!
Let's go to the beloved's country

पांच पच्चीस ना झगड़ा मां

- कबीर

पांच पच्चीस ना झगड़ा मां

म्हारो लाल खुवानु कचरा मां

पूरब मां जोया मैं पश्चिम मां जोया

जोया है सारे खंडां मां

म्हारो हीरो खोवानो.....

गंगा मां जोया मैं गोमती मां जोया

जोया है सारे जल भर मां

म्हारो हीरो खोवायो.....

साधू रे भूल्या भाई संतो भूल्या

हे जोगी रे भूल्या ऐना नखरा मां

म्हारो हीरो खोवानो.....

कहत कबीरा साहिब सुनो मेरा साधो

हे हीरला है आ रुदिया मां

म्हारो हीरो खोवानो.....

While Fighting With The 5 And 25!

- Dharam Das

Song from Kutch, Gujarat

Kabir seems to have lost a precious jewel in the garbage! The 5 perhaps denote our senses and the 25 the sense-objects in which we are entangled all our lives, in an enticing and deeply troubled relationship. In all this wrangling with the 5 and 25, we lose a jewel – perhaps evocative of our life, of the truth, of our precious and fleeting present.

While fighting with the 5 and 25

My jewel got lost in the trash!

I searched in the East

I searched in the West

I searched in all the lands

My jewel got lost in the dust!

I searched in Ganga

I searched in Gomti

I searched in all the holy rivers

My jewel got lost in the trash!

Seekers lost their jewels

Saints lost them too

Those jogis lost them in their fancy airs

My jewel got lost in the dust!

Says Kabir, listen my friends

That jewel can be found

In your own heart!

My jewel got lost in the dust!

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

- कबीर

जो सुख पाया गरीबी मां

सो सुख नहीं है अमीरी मां

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

तन तेरा एक दिन खाक में खप जाए

कियूं फिरत मगरूरी मां?

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

हाथ मां कुंडी बगल मां सोटा

चारों तरफ़ जागूरी मां

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

भलाई बुराई कुछ सुन ना लीजे

कर गुजरान गरीबी मां

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

कहत कबीरा सुनो मेरा साथो

सहिब मिलत साबूरी मां

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

My Mind Has Taken To Living Free!

- Kabir

This is possibly a hallmark Kabir song that has travelled and entered into very distant lands and languages through the oral traditions. Kabir celebrates the freedom he feels through *fakiri*, the condition of owning and wanting nothing and wandering free and unattached.

The joy I have found in frugality

That cannot be found in plenty

My mind has taken to living free!

Your body shall end in dust one day

Why strut about in arrogance?

My mind has taken to living free!

In my hands – a food bowl and a walking stick

Yet my kingdom stretches in four directions!

My mind has taken to living free!

Don't praise or damn others

Rest and be content

My mind has taken to living free!

Says Kabir, listen seekers

You'll find the Lord in patience

My mind has taken to living free!

म्हारो चरखो रे बोले राम नाम!

— कबीर

पड़ी बूंद समुन्दर के ओले, पानी में रतन निपाया

एक अचम्भो ऐसो सांभड़यो, बेटी जायो है बाप

अरजी/कावल सुनो हमारी रे

म्हारो चरखो रे बोले राम नाम

भजे तू हीं, तू हीं, तू हीं, तू हीं!

बेटी कहे है बाप ने म्हारो अनजायो वर लाए

अनजायो वर नहीं मिले तो थारे म्हारे घर वास, अरजी.....

चरखो रे म्हारो अजब रंगीलो, पुनियूं लाल गुलाल

कांतन वाली छैल छबीली, आकाश से तार लटकाई, अरजी.....

पिंगण पीजावा मैं गयी थी, सुनो पिंजारा भाई

इस पिंजारे को खा गयी सजनी, तो गुरु गम बताई, अरजी.....

माता भी मर जाए, पिता भी मर जाए, मर जाए घर भरतारा

एक ना मरे यह सजन सूथार, यह चरखा नो गढ़नार, अरजी.....

कहत कबीरा सुन भाई साधू, या चरखो कहवाए

या चरखा ने जो नर फेरे, जनम मरण पछी जाए, अरजी!

My Spinning Wheel Calls The Name of Ram!

- Kabir

This song belongs to the tradition of *ulatbansi* poems of Kabir, a kind of nonsense or upside down verse, which challenge our rational, ordinary minds by asking us to delight in the absurd and the paradoxical.

A drop fell in the ocean
A pearl took shape in water
I heard of an utter miracle
A girl gave birth to her father!

Listen to my plea
My spinning wheel calls the name of Ram
It cries, you-only-you-only-you!

The girls says to her father
Bring me an unborn groom
If you cannot find such a one
Then you will be my groom!
Listen to my plea...

My spinning wheel is colorful, wonderful
The cotton balls are red, scarlet
The one who spins – a bewitching gal
She's hung the string from the sky!
Listen to my plea...

I went to get the cotton ginned
Listen to me, oh brother who gins
He's been swallowed by his lover
My guru gives me this teaching!
Listen to my plea...

My mother died, my father died
My family died too
Just one beloved carpenter didn't die
The crafter of this loom!
Listen to my plea...

Says Kabir, listen seekers
This is a spinning wheel
Spin this with deep awareness
Birth and death are gone!
Listen to my plea...

अमर प्यालो

- रवीदास

अमर प्यालो म्हारे सतगुरु ए पाया
मन फरूं मस्त दीवाना
अमरापुर केरी आस करो तमे
छोड़ो अहंकार अभिमान, जी रे जी!

कितना भी लंबा है कितना भी पौड़ा
कितना भरम का अनुमाना
सो ही शब्द केरा भेद सुनाओ
धरी बैठा कूड़ा ध्याना, हो जी

पृथ्वी सूं पौड़ा पवन सूं झीणा
आडू है अपरंपार
वधे घटे अने राखे बरोबर
कायम है किलतारा, हे जी रे जी!

भेद बिना रे नर हाले भटकता
मूरख लखावे उजरा बाना
आप न सूझे भाईआ पथरा न पूजे
धरी बैठा कूड़ा ध्याना

परतीत बिना नर पंडित कहावाणा
भले वांचे पोथी पाना
वरती ऐनी भायो वारी न वरै
पंडित नाम ठहराया
अब नहीं आऊँ मैं अब नहीं जाऊँ
अब नहीं धरूं कूड़ा ध्याना
भाण परतापे बोल्या रवि साहेब
गुरु लख्या परवाना

Eternal Cup

- Ravidas

Song is from Kutch, Gujarat

Famous Saint-Poet Ravi Das belonged to the *chamaar* (leather workers') community. He pays joyous tribute to his guru Bhaan Saheb for giving him a sip, and making him drunk on the wine of that eternal, deathless experience. He sees through the fake posturing of so-called religious types – full of their intellectual pretensions, delusions and hypocrisies.

My guru gave me a drink from the eternal cup
I roam about like a crazy drunk
Seek the eternal land, friends
Quit your arrogant proud ways!

How wide is it?
How deep is it?
Take a guess at the size
of your delusion
Seek the secret of the Word
Quit your charades, oh yes!

Deeper than the earth
Subtler than the wind
That's the size of the limitless
No more, no less
It is in perfect balance, oh yes!

Without insight he wanders
That fool, in a barren land
Unaware of the self, he worships stones
He's locked in fake meditation

He's felt nothing at all
Yet they call him a pundit
So what if he reads many fat books
He won't make it far
This guy who's called a learned one!

I come no more, I go no more
I've given up my fake ways
In the light of Bhaan
Ravidas speaks –
My guru has sent me
a precious message!

मेरो मन लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

- मीरा बाई

हूँ तो सासरिये नहीं जाऊं मोरी मां, हो रामईया!

मेरो मन लागो रे, मेरो चित्त लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

मेवा मिठाई माता मुझ को ना भावे, हां हां हां हां

हूँ तो सादा सादा टुकड़ा खाऊं मोरी मां, हो रामईया

मेरो मन लागो रे, मेरो चित्त लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

महली मलक माता मुझ को ना भावे, हां हां हां हां

हूँ तो जंगलों मां झूपड़ी मां रहूँ मोरी मां, हो रामईया

मेरो मन लागो रे, मेरो चित्त लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

सोना केरा कमंडल मुझ को ना जोए, हां हां हां हां

हूँ तो नाथ जी रा कमंडल पहरूँ मोरी मां, हो रामईया

मेरो मन लागो रे, मेरो चित्त लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

सोना केरा हार माता मुझ को ना भावे, हां हां हां हां

हूँ तो तुलसी री माला फेरूँ मोरी मां, हां रामईया

मेरो मन लागो रे, मेरो चित्त लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

कह बाई मीरा गिरधर ना गुण

हूँ तो हेते हरि रा गुण गाऊं मोरा मां, हो रामईया

मेरो मन लागो रे, मेरो चित्त लागो रे फ़कीरी मां

My Heart Is Drawn To Wandering Free!

- Mira Bai

In this song we hear Mira Bai's expression of being drawn to the path of *fakiri*. In this playful song addressed to her mother she sings of the profound joy of simplicity and frugality.

I won't go to my in law's home

Oh mother, oh Ram!

My mind is set on wandering free!

My heart is drawn to the path of poverty!

Sweetmeats and dry fruits

don't appeal to me, oh yes!

Plain dry bread is all I want to eat

Oh mother, oh Ram!

My mind is set...

Palaces and mansions

don't appeal to me, oh yes!

A small hut in the jungle

is where I want to live!

Oh mother, oh Ram!

My heart is drawn...

A gold-plated water vessel

is not what I want, oh yes!

The simple vessel of the

Nathji followers is all I need!

Oh mother, oh Ram!

My heart is drawn...

A fancy necklace of gold

doesn't appeal to me, oh yes!

I turn the beads of a

necklace of basil seeds!

Oh mother, oh Ram!

My mind is set...

Mirabai sings the praises of Giridhar
With great love I sing the qualities of Hari

Oh mother, oh Ram!

My mind is set...

सब चला चली का खेला

— ब्रह्मानंद

सब चला चली का खेला
दो दिन का है जुग मां मेला
सब चला चली का खेला

कोई चला गया, कोई जावे
कोई गठड़ी बांध सिधावे
कोई खड़ा तैयार अकेला
सब चला चली का खेला

घर मात पिता सब भाई
तेरे अंत छूआ कोई नहीं
उड़ जाएगा हंस अकेला
सब चला चली का खेला

कर पाप कपट जाल माया
धन लाख करोड़ कमाया
संग चले नहीं एक धेला
सब चला चली का खेला

यह निश्चर सब संसार
कर भजन प्रभू का प्यारा
ब्रह्मानंद कहे सुन चेला
सब चला चली का खेला

It's All a Game of Come-and-Go!

- Brahmanand

Song from Kutch, Gujarat

Poet Brahmanand reminds us that all that comes shall go. The song nudges us into a poignant awareness of how all things are shot through with an incipient sense of departure – all the relationships, wealth and things we carefully accumulate and attach ourselves to.

It's all a game of come-and-go
You meet in this world
For two short days
It's all a game of come-and-go!

Someone's gone, someone's going
Someone's gathering up their bundle
Someone's standing alone, ready to go
It's all a game of come-and-go!

Mother, father, brothers and all
No one touched your inner core
The swan shall fly away alone
It's all a game of come-and-go!

You tricked, cheated and made a quick buck
You amassed a fine fortune
Not a penny will go with you
It's all a game of come-and-go!

This world will perish in an instant
Says Brahmanand, listen seekers
Just sing the name of God
It's all a game of come-and-go!

चल चल पांचा सूं मेडिए

- कबीर

चल चल पांचा सूं मेडिए पचवीस ने वश करे

ऊंवां नाम सूं रहना रे, खूणे खूणे रंग ढले

बहनी पूरा सतगुरु देव मडिया रे, शबद धुन लागी रे

सांचा सगतुरु देव मडिया रे, भजन धुन लागी रे

चल चल गगल मंडल मां रे, ऊंवर म्हारो श्याम बसे

ऊंवां इंगला पिंगला रे, सुखमण रास रमे

बहनी पूरा सतगुरु देव मडिया रे, शबद धुन लागी रे

चल चल मानसरोवर रे, ऊंवर हंसो खेल करे

जागे ज्योत जड़ोहर रे चेतन चुण चुगे

बहनी पूरा सतगुरु देव मडिया रे, शबद धुन लागी रे

हे झलमल मेहुला बरसे ईयां, वीजलडी चमकारा करे

हे बोल्या दास कबीरा रे, चहुं दिसी चमल ढले

बहनी पूरा सतगुरु देव मडिया रे, शबद धुन लागी रे

Come, Let's Go Meet The Five!

- Kabir

Kabir invites us in this song to confront our 5 senses and their 25 sense-objects. The results of this confrontation can be startlingly joyous – a rapt absorption in the Word and the song.

Come, let's go meet the five

Let's reign in the twenty-five!

Stay with the Name

In every corner, the colors fade

Oh friend, I found my complete guru

Now I'm rocking to the Word

Oh friend, I found the true guru

Now I'm rocking to the song!

Come, let's go to that sky-dome

That's where my Dark One stays

I've seen the Ingla and Pingala

Sukhmana is dancing there!

Come, let's go to Mansarovar lake

Where my soul is at play

Awake to the radiant light

My swan pecks there, totally aware

A soft rain is falling there

Lightning crackles in the sky

Says seeker Kabir –

The sacred stretches in all four directions

कच्ची मानी पुड़ पक्को

- शाह अब्दुल लतीफ भिटाई

कच्ची मानी पुड़ पक्को

तीरं पक्को मुईजो मा

हाय मुईजा साथीड़ा सड कंधे व्‍या

हाय जेकें साथ जा

अल्लाह मयिाँ

वेही देर मु ला

हाय मुईजा साथीड़ा सड कंधे व्‍या

हाय जेकें साथ जा

हर हकलींधीस हेकली

मथे झार झलकारा डे

हाय मुईजा साथीड़ा सड कंधे व्‍या

हाय जेकें साथ जा

मारे हनि मजूर के, घातू घर खया

हाय मुईजा साथीड़ा सड कंधे व्‍या

हाय जेकें साथ जा

शरतयिँ शाह लतीफ चै

दफ्तर दाखल थ्या

हाय मुईजा साथीड़ा सड कंधे व्‍या

हाय जेकें साथ जा

Like a Roti Swells With Hot Air

- Shah Abdul Latif Bhitali

from the Love Legend of Sasul-Punoo

This song describes a stark moment from the love legend of Sasul-Punoo when she is alone, walking in the harsh sand dunes of Thar desert with the merciless sun beating down on her. As she laments her Beloved's going away from her, the song seems to become a meditation on death and the moment in which our ever-present companion – our breath – slips away with a sigh.

Like a roti swells with hot air

My flesh bakes

He slipped away with a sigh

Who was always by my side

Allah Miyan!

Don't sit and while away the day

He slipped away with a sigh

Who was always by my side

I plough alone

The sun flashes

He slipped away with a sigh

Who was always by my side

They killed this wretched one

And went home

He slipped away with a sigh

Who was always by my side

Friends, says Shah Latif

I enter the earth-grave

He slipped away with a sigh

Who was always by my side

उल्टा बाण गगन मांय लाग्या

— कबीर

उल्टा बाण गगन मांय लाग्या

भाया ऊंवा वसे एक देही

उस देही मां अलख विराजे

लवना लागी मेरी, मेरा साधू रे

तम देखो साहिब केरी लहरी

सतगुरु शब्दां सूं हेरी, मेरा साधू रे

तम देखो साहिब केरी लहरी

इस देही मां तरवर उगा

पान ना फूल नहीं केरी

रूप नहीं मेरी छाया नहीं

फल लगा दो केरी, मेरा साधू रे

इस देही मांय बाजा रे वागे, भाया

वागे रे आठों पहरी

ताल पखावज मृदंग वागे

ने बांसुरी वागे गहरी

इस देही मांय सात साहेरिया

नवाणू सौ नदीयां गहरी

आंगतिया पांगतिया रत्नागर सागर

बीच में अमीरस भेरी, मेरा साधू रे

अगम अगोचर निर्भय कीन्हा भाया

नहीं जानू गम गहरी

साहिब कबीरा कह सुनो मेरा साथो

मैं निर्गुण माला फेरी, मेरा साधू रे

An Upward Arrow Shot Through The Sky!

— Kabir

Kabir describes his spiritual awakening by using the image of an arrow piercing upwards to reach the sky – possibly a *hatha* yogic evocation of the *Sushamna* piercing through the *chakras* to arrive at the centre of our skulls – the *gagan-mandal*. The song unfolds in a range of metaphors as Kabir tries to give form to that formless experience, a glimpse of the Unknown

An upward arrow shot through the sky

There resides a body

In that body, the Unseen resides

My awareness is locked there, seekers

Come watch the Lord's play!

The true guru searches out the Word

Come watch the Lord's play!

In this body, a tree grows

With no leaves or flowers

It has no form, nor casts a shade

But two mangoes hang from it

In this body, the instrument plays

All moments of the day

Drums, gourds and pots resound

A flute sounds deeply

In this body, there are seven lakes

Ninety nine hundred rivers flow deeply

They toss and turn in this jewel-filled ocean

In the centre – a pool of nectar

The Unknown made me fearless, friends

I know no sorrows now

Says Kabir, listen friends –

I count beads of the formless rosary